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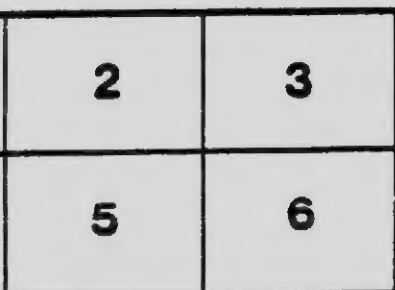
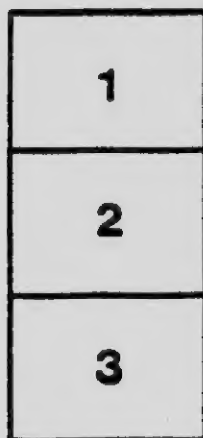
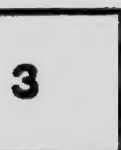
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Poems

by

Edward B. Greenshields

PS 8463

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P6

1911/12

1/2

Ars Longa, Utta Brevis

The years are fading fast,
But we will not complain,
While you and I outlast
 The past,
And love and hope remain.

So let us just keep still,
While time flies far away,
And loiter on the hill
 At will,
Forever and a day;

Playing at life and art,
Wandering to and fro,
Forgetting we must part,
 Dear Heart,
Some day and all forego.

Though Art be long, yet we
Have little time to spend
Amid its witchery;
 Ah me!
The years so quickly end.

Still when the leaves fall sere,
Foretelling wintry weather,
We'll travel on nor fear,
 My Dear,
If we but go together.

Life

The Robin sang in early spring,
Let us on strong and hastening wing,
Speed on our way, for life is ours
And youth with its amazing powers.
The years are many, the days are sweet,
Trouble us not, wise men, with fear,
The call of the greening May is here!
What will we do?
Our pulses beat
And all the world's to woo!

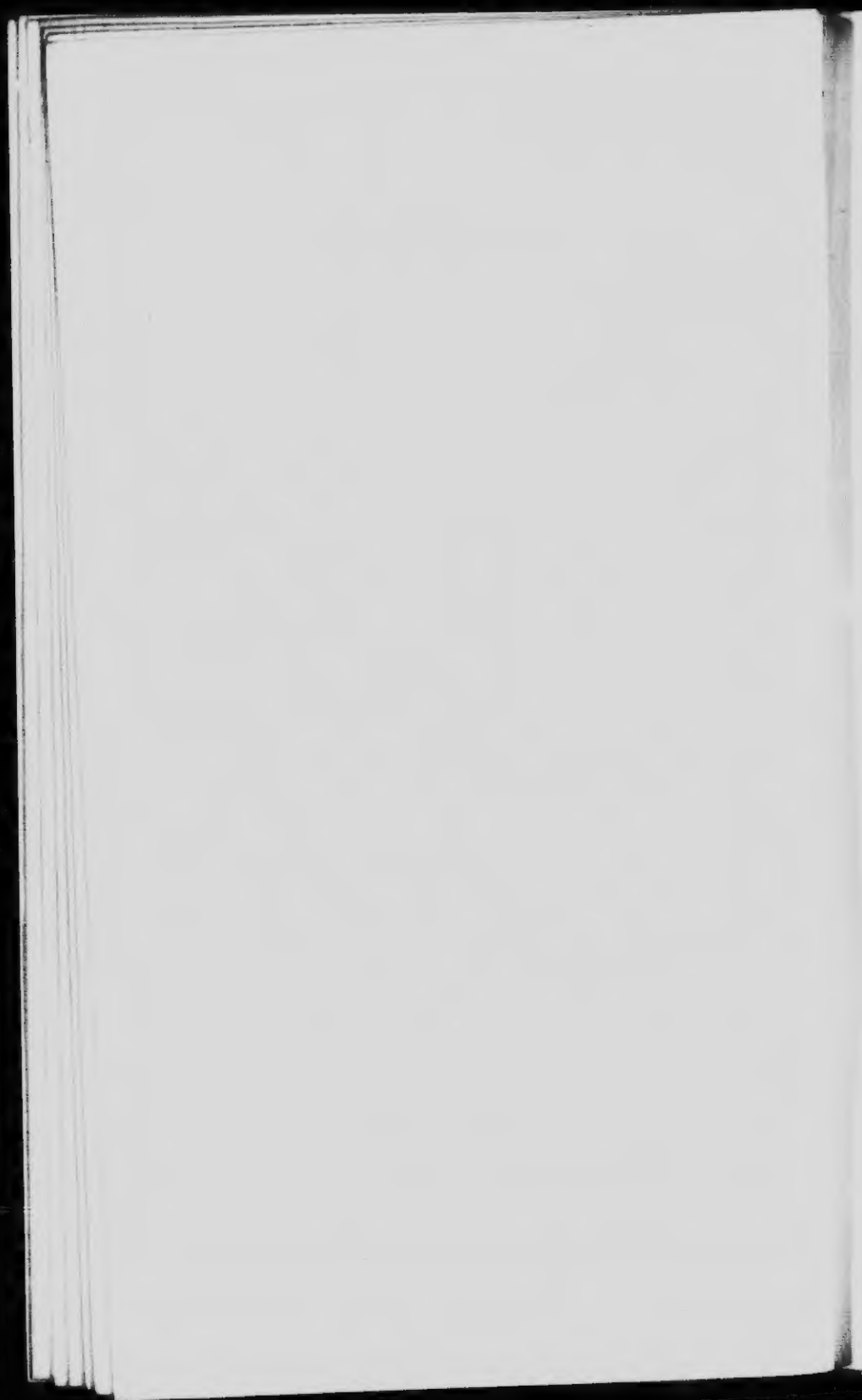
The nightingale as evening fell
Poured all around her shadowy spell,
Full of sadness, full of fears.
What have you done with al' the years
As on they came and hurried by?
They rush away, with feverish haste,
Far off into the Past's dim waste.
What have you done?
The night is nigh
And daylight nearly gone!

A Summer Day

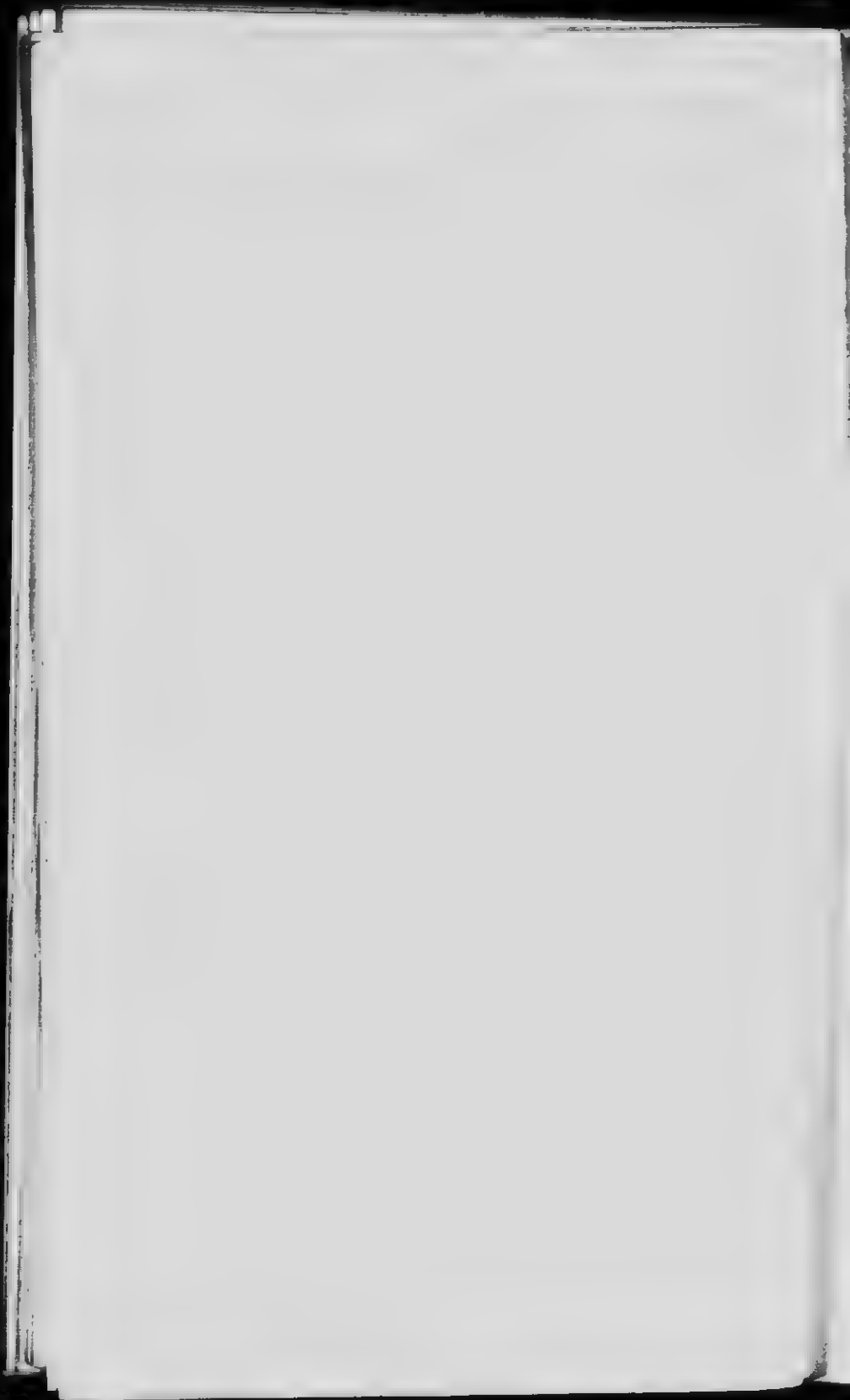
The sunlight sparkles on the bay,
The smooth sea stretches far away,
As we two watch the tide flow in
To where the distant hills begin
And the sky comes down to melt in blue
The green of the woods at Asticou.

The ocean breeze blows softly by
Over the rocks where the sea-weeds lie,
The idle sails but barely fill
And all around is quiet and still.
Sweet peaceful scene! But oh, how few
The happy hours at Asticou.

Oh nature, stay thy wandering here
While the sea whispers in my ear,
Wrap us in thy great calm and rest,
Draw us close to thy mighty breast,
Keep, keep forever the lovely hue
You wear to-day at Asticou.



When roses in the garden die
And all their lovely bloom is shed,
The sorrowing flowers of Autumn cry,
"When roses in the garden die
Our summer also hastens by,
We hear the Reapers solemn tread,
When roses in the garden die
And all their lovely bloom is shed."



Dreams

Life without its dreams? Ah then
Fruitless were its birth,
Senseless all the work of men
On a dreamless earth.

Wondrous dreams beyond our will,
O'er the senses steal,
And from hidden depths distil
The silent power we feel.

It is Love that sends the dreams
Where the shadow's lie,
Shining with hope's rainbow gleams
Through the stormy sky;—

Fancies flitting light as air
When summer breezes play,
Visions luring men to dare
More than mortal may.

Woven where the heavens unfold
All their blue above,
Riches cannot buy their gold,
They are gifts of Love.

From his store of golden days
Freely we may borrow,
Wandering down enchanted ways,
Dreamers of the morrow.



A Painting By Matthew Maria

With down-dropt eyes that gaze far, far away,
She pauses in the old cathedral aisle,
And just the shadow of a lingering smile
Turns into troubled thought and will not stay.

The peaceful christening memories lie enshrined
Where glowing colours fret the chapel floor,
And from the world beyond the deep-arched
door

Dreams of the future haunt her anxious mind.

Aloof from all she stands, in wonder lost,
This girlish mother, with the burdened years
First pressing on her brow their weight of fears;
While from her niche, apart from earthly strife,
The calm saint tells a world by passion tost,
Of rest that crowns the mystery of life.



Charles Freyberg

Poet! who passed thy years of ceaseless toil,
Earning but scantily thy simple fare,
Amid the world's rough work, and sad turmoil,
Its daily tasks and many an irksome care;

Still had'st thou quiet evenings of delight
With thy dear muse, reviewing the dim years
Of olden time and peopling mystic night
With angel forms and music of the spheres.

Wrapped in the Hebrew lore, the gloomy maze
Around the path of Israel's first King
'Tis thy desire to tread, and trace the ways
Of fate, that to his hopeless footsteps cling.
Dreamer! is there no clue to that dire fall?
Darkness but deepens round the name of Saul!



Art

Art is the expression of the inner thought
In outward beauty of unspoken word,
And man in patient labour must be taught
The means by which its spirit may be heard.

Sonnets of Moods

Destiny

For ages long the daughters of dark Night
Have spun the varied thread of joys and tears
For mortal man, until that strand so slight
Is severed by the inevitable shears.

And still they coldly ply their endless task,
While sparks from Life's vast reservoir of fire
Mix with the earth and wear its lovely mask
A little while, then to their course retire.

Is there above them all a living soul,
A diamond flashing forth its pure white ray,
While we but see the dark and grimy coal?
O blind race of men! As ignorant as they,
We give love and hope and life to dust and ground
We only see Fate's mill-stones turning round.

The Voice of God

Oh yes He spoke, but not as Moses thought
From out the burning bush: yet holy ground
It was he stood on when his great soul caught
The inward voice, and strength, and courage
found.

When Samuel in the quiet of the night,
And Jacob dreaming knew the spirit nigh,
What was it but the spark of heavenly light
That burned in them, reflected from the sky?

So shines it ever and its light still sheds
The rays of truth over the darkened land:
Here wisdom still her covering wings outspreads,
And glowing love inspires its great command.
No outward sound is heard, no fear enthalls
But from the deep the voice of conscience calls.

Faith and Doubt

The Singer twice declared in days of old,
The fool hath said there is no God to rule,
Yet every race of men with spirit bold,
Must ask the question that perplexed the fool.

Is there a loving God who reigns in night?
The dark unknown engulfs the eager cry,
Yet Faith can lift the veil that hides the light
And show the distant glory in the sky.

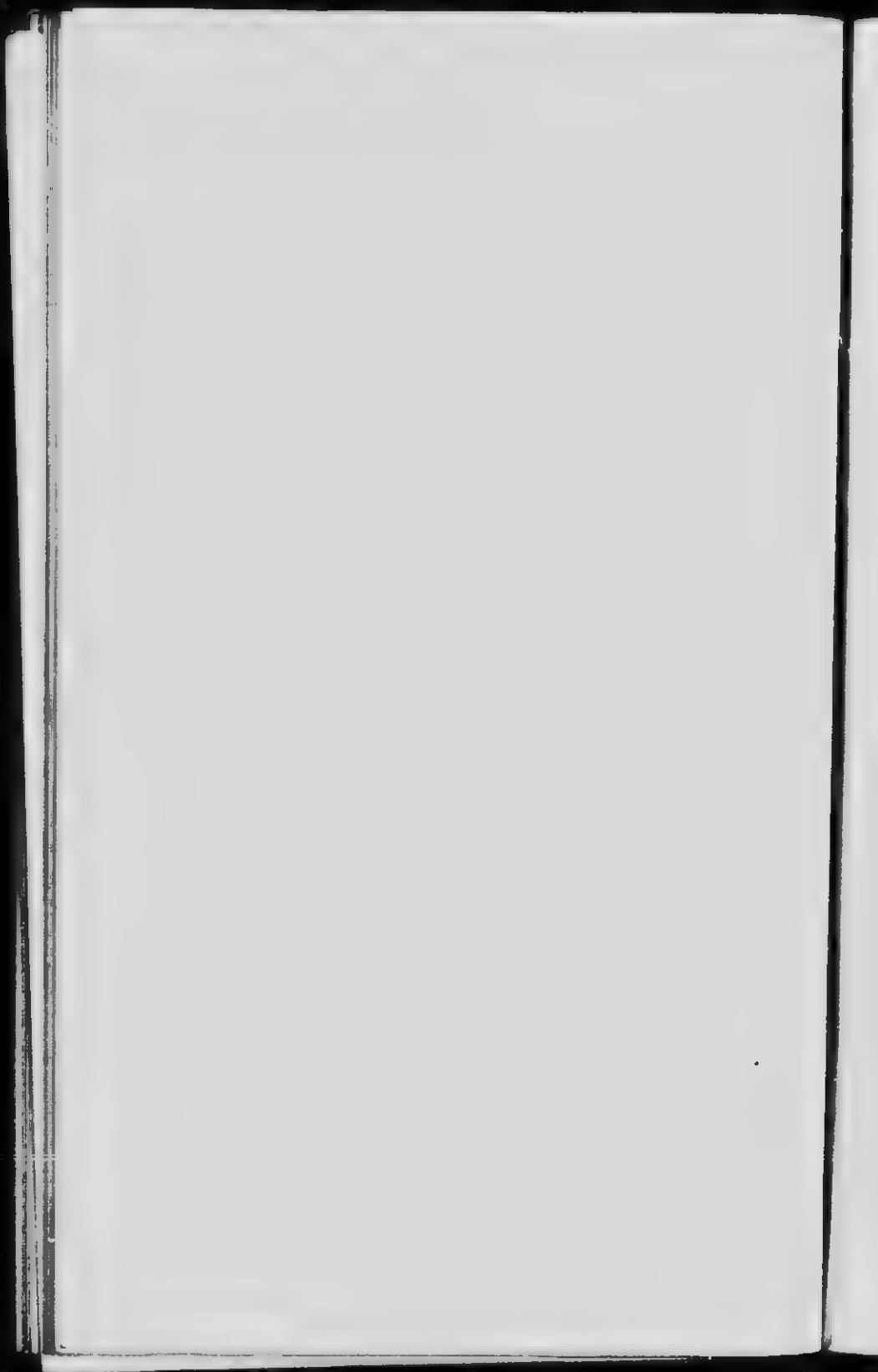
But Faith comes waywardly as winds that blow
Tossing from bending tassels golden grain,
And some will fall on hopeful soil and grow
And some sweep by the sport of storm and rain.
Still even if the fool be right, how deep
And quiet is the unremembering sleep.

La Douleur Qui Veille

The grief of life is the uncertainty
That lies like mist around the path we trace
As we draw near to the forgetting place
Where mortal vigour ceases suddenly.

Gone is the cheerful, happy world we knew,
Gone are the fields of green, the hills of snow,
The shadowy woods where violets grow,
The friends we loved beneath these skies of blue.

Yet comfort speaks from the vast doubt, and
gives
Poor Hope a chance to raise her fluttering wings
Above life's latest overwhelming pain,
The dread that passionless the spirit lives.
No! bind us ever in love's golden chain,
Or dreamless sleep be what the future brings.



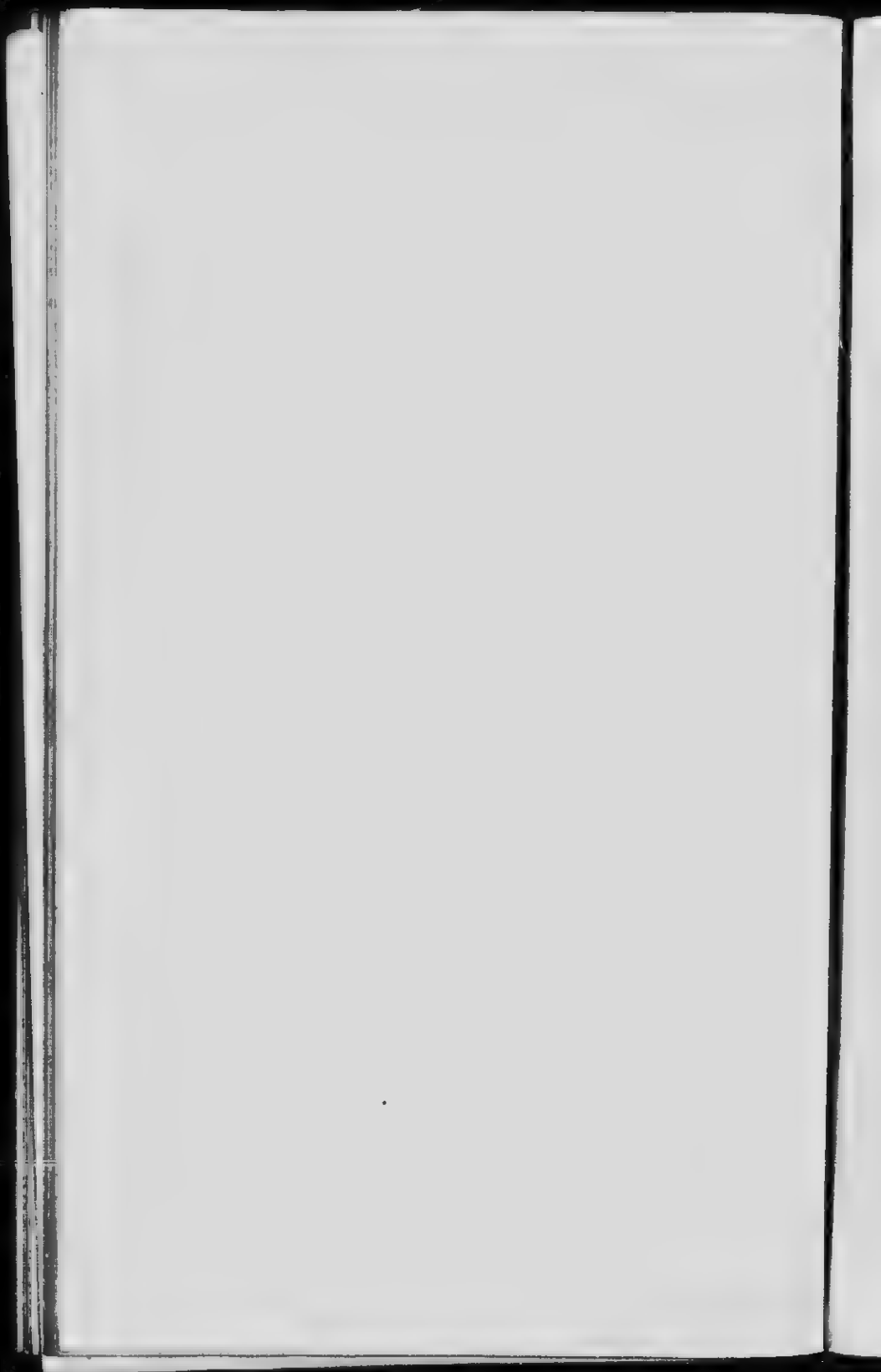
Aur Atque Vale

Oh! will the friendships that love round us
weaves

End as the day when solemn darkness falls,
And black night hushes the soft lingering calls
Of nestling birds amid the trembling leaves?

No! the great trusting heart of man believes
The brightening dawn foretells a fuller day,
When time has ceased to wield its ruthless sway,
And still the soul to its earth-lover cleaves.

Oh for strong faith in this unending love
That lulls awhile man's aching pain
With soothing dreams of happiness above,
Where as of old on earth we live again,
But ah! we only see upon life's chart
This sign, my dear, that you and I must part.

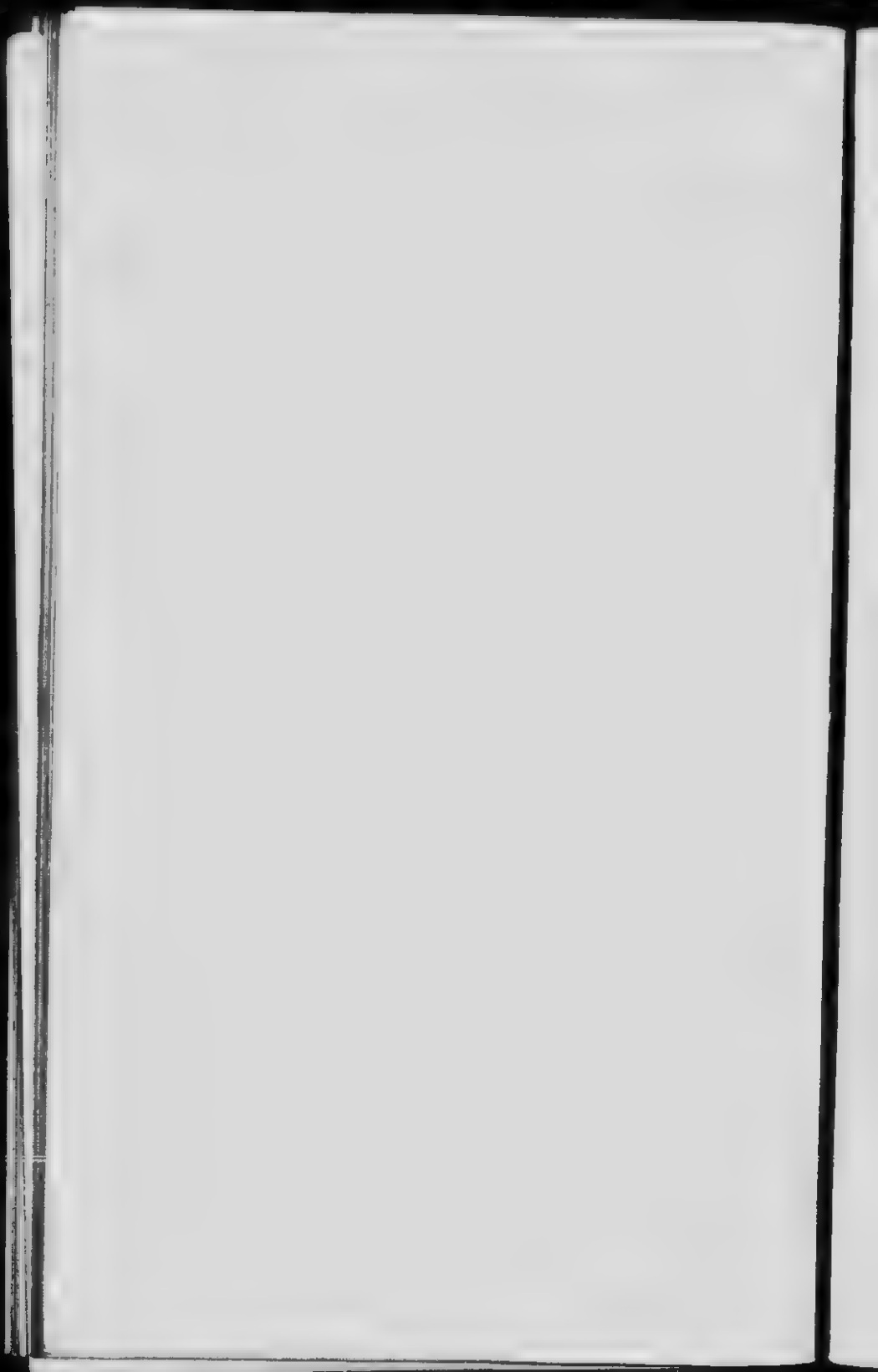


Hope

To all of us there comes the end of day,
When we must lay our cherished things aside,
Must sit and watch the ebbing of life's tide,
Back to the unknown sea of misty gray.

Alas! the tide of time, howe'er we pray,
Never brings back life's morn and happy noon,
Unlike the waters faithful to the moon,
That aye return from where they seem to stray.

The end of day! Yes but when day is done,
And earth's fair visions fading from our sight,
Oh! hear Hope pleading, Life not death has won,
And just beyond the impenetrable night
There dawns a greater and more glorious sun,
Whose golden splendour gilds the hidden height.

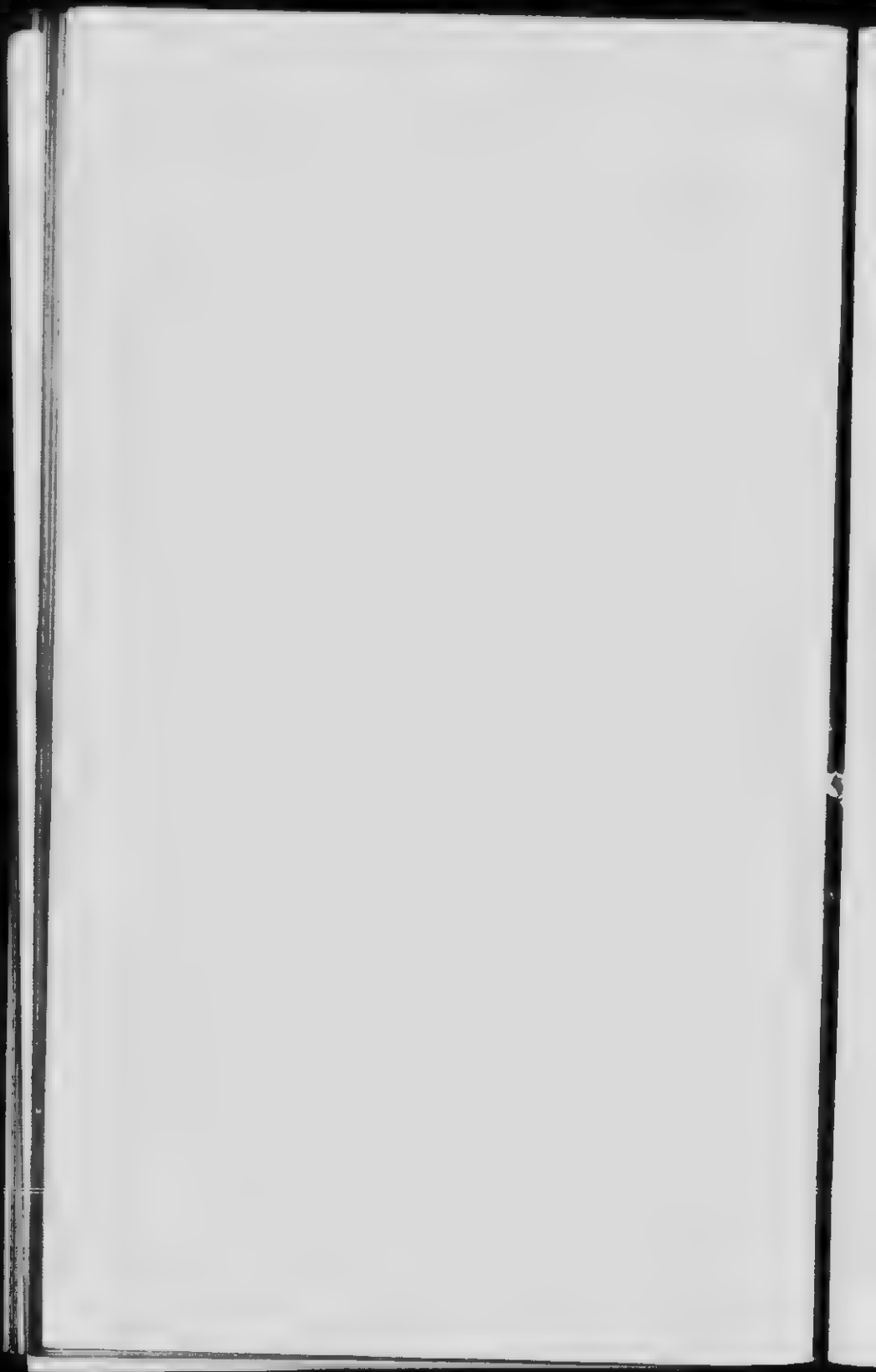


"Things Hid and Barred"

The traveller sees far down the dark-hued Rhine
The lofty soaring spires that crown Cologne,
And mid the sunset clouds in radiance shine,
Like spirits rising from the enfolding stone.

Yet all their beauty lay for many a year
Hid by the scaffoldings' ungainly height,
While hands unseen slow fashioned tier on tier
Until the grand design burst into light.

So we may view the outworks that conceal
The builder of eternity's vast dome,
And vainly think their uncouth forms reveal
No God's great plan, no hope for man, no home;
Forgetting this, though writ in words of fire
For men to read, "no scaffolding, no spire"!



By the Sea

There's nothing in the changing earth or sky
Foreshadowing eternal life for man,
The flowers and trees all bud and bloom and die
And man himself has but his little span.

Another plant may grow from seed that's sown,
But nevermore will THIS return when fled,
No breath from realms afar has ever blown
One message from the quiet silent dead.

Yet here the same as when the great command
Confined its waters in their mighty cage,
The ocean beats upon the golden sand,
And ebbs and flows from endless age to age.
How strange the restless and uncertain sea
Should be sole emblem of eternity!

The Unnamed Altar

The Hill of Mars has lost its earlike sound
Since Paul's inspiring words his faith revealed
In the great God that altar had concealed
Whose peace and love and power Greece never
found.

Nor can men know th'immortal God, so bound
By time and space, and all the future sealed;
The gropings of each generation yield
No certain clue to thread the mazy ground.

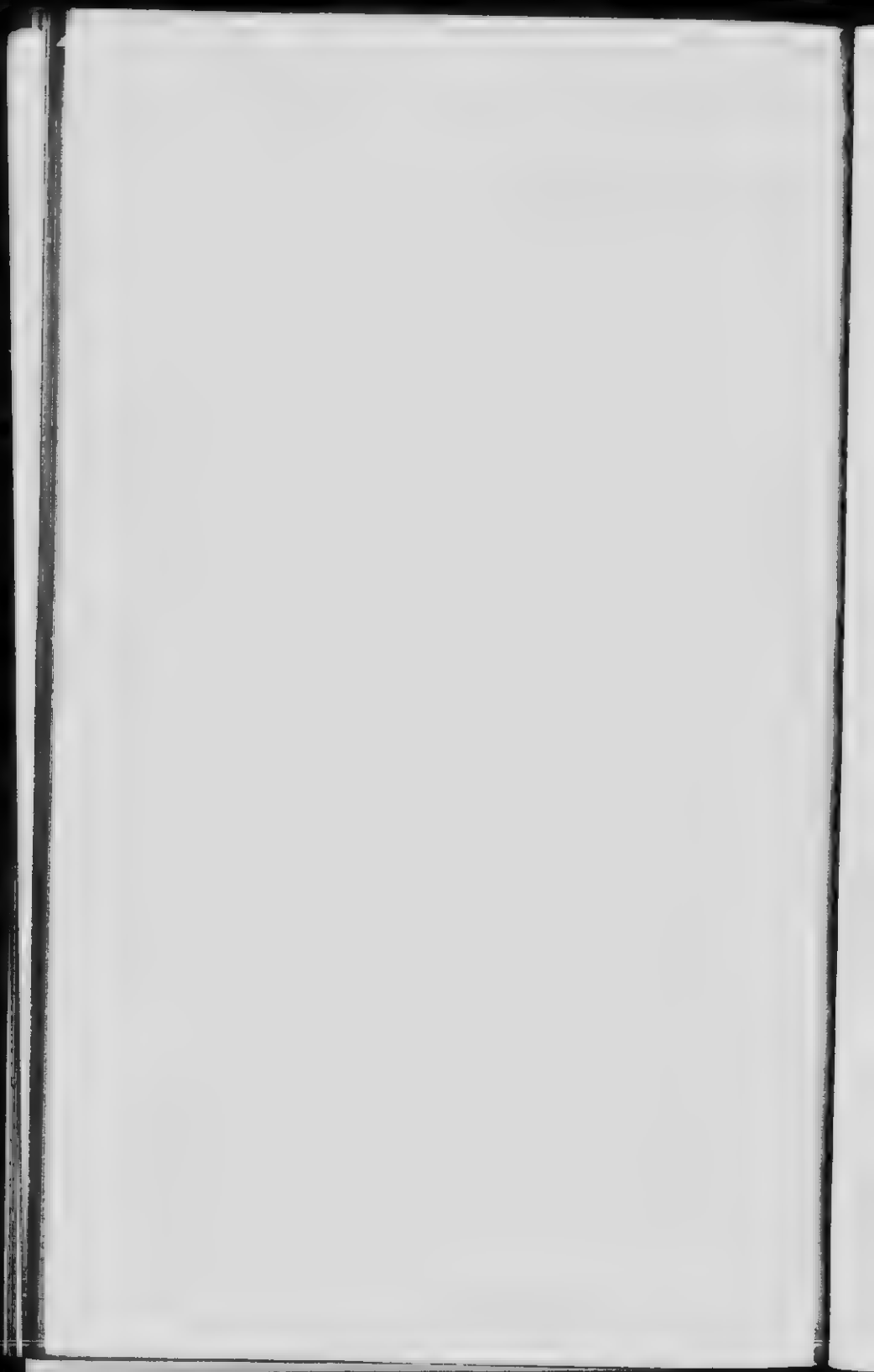
That anxious thought of Greece lives yet to-day:
We worship still in warring sects the creeds
And lifeless forms that hide our God, and lay
Our gifts upon the altars, fruitless seeds.
Yet in our solemn moments, all alone
We feel a grander power, a God unknown.

The Fields of Canada

"Longa nocte, carent quia vate sacro"

Farther than eye can see, far North, far West,
Stretches the prairie land, whose travail yields
Such precious harvesting. The grain's ripe crest
Crowns with bright gold the vast Canadian fields.
Yet they had lain for ages long asleep,
Storing in silence their reserves of life,
Till man's rude plough broke up the wondrous
 deep,
And drew forth strength to serve his daily strife.

But Canada has fairer fields untilled,
Where embryo thoughts and words of fire lie
 dumb,
Resting until the master poet, skilled
To feed the hungry human heart, shall come.
God! for a ploughman, like the Scot of old,
To draw a furrow through the teeming mould.



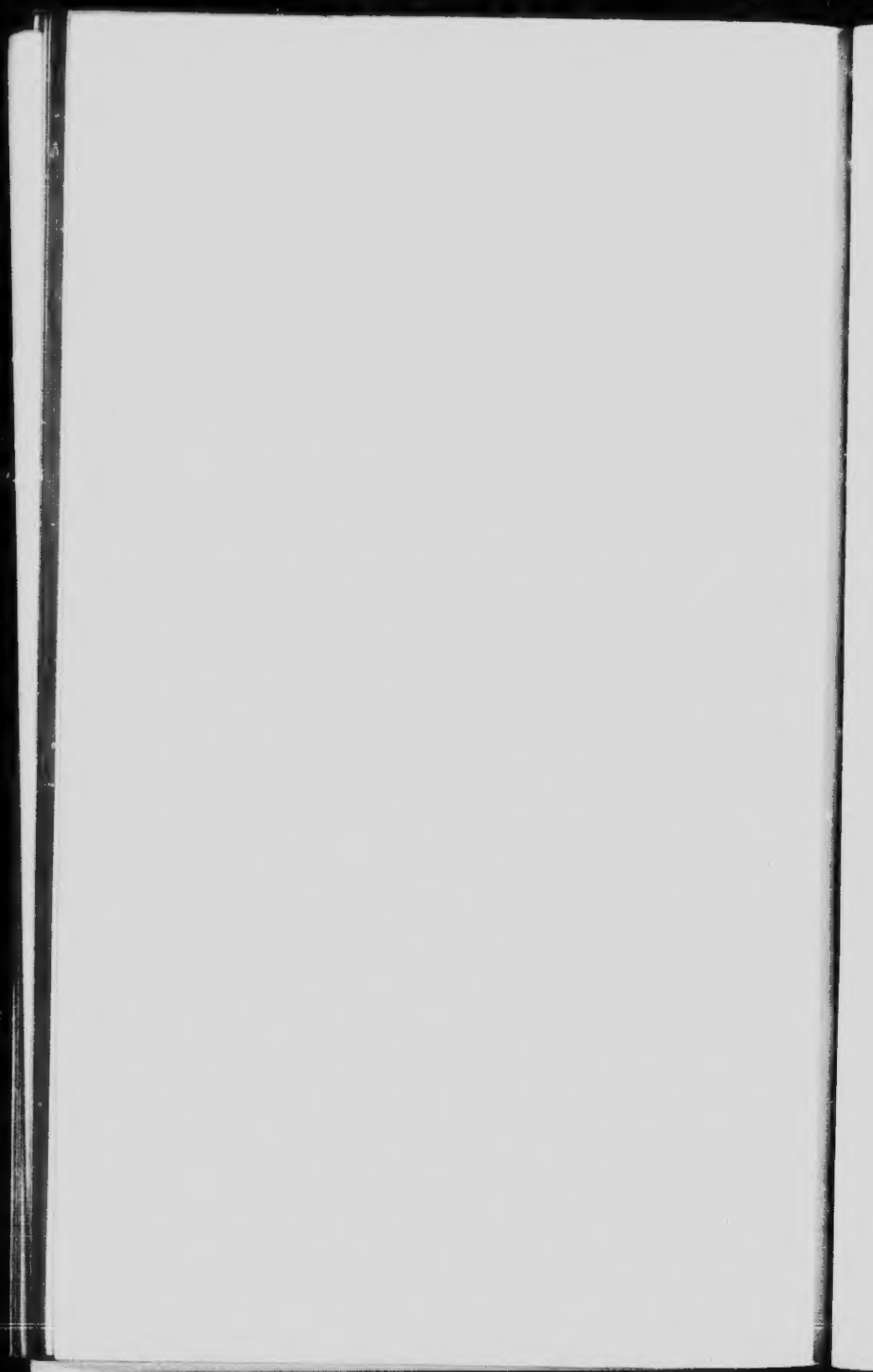
The First Awakening

Who can imagine the intense profound
Of silent stillness on that long, long day,
Before the hours began their solemn round
Or yet the sun was hurled upon its way!

For Time had not commenced to weave his
strand

Though looming near, expectantly he stood,
Nor had the world received its first command,
Nor heard its Maker's voice pronounce it good.

Without a breath of wind, the watery plain
And formless matter slowly heave and fall,
A deathlike peace and desolation reign
And darkness dense conceals and covers all.
The weary waste of water lay asleep
When the first thought came brooding o'er the
deep.



Beauty

Whence comes the thought of beauty in life's
stress?

From Aphrodite gleaming through the foam,
Or Eve awaking in her garden home,
The first fair bud of earthly loveliness?

Or from the ruddy Dawn when all affright
She flies before her fiery lover Day,
Or Evening as the shadows turning grey,
She blushing steals into the arms of Night?

All these are but the models that suggest
Eternal beauty to the poet's soul,
Which images a fairer world unseen;
The haunt of beauty is his lonely breast,
Where dreams divine are freed from earth's
control
And span with gossamer the gulf between.

